



BYELORUSSIAN YOUTH БЕЛАРУСКАЯ МОЛАДЗЬ

Vol. 6, № 2, 3 (48, 49)

1978

Год. 6, Но. 2, 3 (48, 49)



WISHING YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR



Published by:

THE BYELORUSSIAN AMERICAN YOUTH ORGANIZATION

Editorial Board: Editor-in-Chief — Raisa Stankievic

Associate Editor — George Azarko

Creative Writing Editor — Andrew Gosciajew

Assistant Editors — Irene Azarko, Alice Kipel, Nina Zaprudnik

Correspondents — Anna Bojczuk, Vladimir Katowitsch, George Kipel,
Eva Pashkievich, Joseph Sazyc, Halina Tumash, Victor Wasilewski, Lucy Winicki

Treasurer: Nina Abramcyk

In Charge of Subscription: Danczyk Andrusyshyn

All correspondence should be addressed to:

Byelorussian Youth

P. O. Box 309

Jamaica, New York 11431

CHRISTMAS — KALADY

The Byelorussian oral tradition and its written form, folklore, is one of the oldest and richest in the world. Its vitality is evident in many examples of the Byelorussian identity, optimism, free spirit and, most important, respect for the individual. Byelorussian folklore reflects pagan and early Christian times, carrying the medieval outlook into our own day. Popular holidays, such as St. John's Eve (Kupalle), the Green Week and many others, still bear the traces of ancient fire worships. Incantations to the elements, dating from pre-historic times, were transmitted from generation to generation. With the coming of Christianity, songs celebrating ancient festivals, such as the advent of spring, sowing, harvesting, marriage, funerals, were modified in their wording to fit the new religion. To this day, folklore created by the Byelorussian people is the primary unifying element in their lives. The combination of words, music and dance resulted in creating an ethnic tradition which is specific to the musical and artistic creativity of the Byelorussian people. Folklore, in its many forms (songs, tales, legends, puzzles) is created over the centuries and represents a given country's national culture. It also influences the development of a unique ethnic heritage. Thus, the Byelorussian folklore is our national heritage. Today, the Byelorussian folklore, in its purest form, has been preserved in the Polessia region, where professional folklorists continue to find new and untouched treasures of Byelorussian folk creativity.

Now let us look at Kalady — Christmas and its traditions. With the acceptance of Christianity, Kalady became the celebration of the birth of Jesus Christ. Our pagan ancestors observed Kalady, the first winter holiday, as a celebration in the form of a feast to the sun god Jaryla, and the next year's harvest. The word "kalady" has its origin

from the Latin word "calendae", which represented the first day of each month. The festivities included joyous games, such as Jashchur, Marriage of Tiareshko and others. These games were performed with ritual words and songs. It was around this time of the year that the winter solstice took place, which meant victory of the light over darkness and the beginning of the annual rebirth of nature. Soon, therefore, the entire cycle of the harvest would be repeated. Our ancestors did not understand the mysterious phenomena of nature, which at times were generous and other times destructive. Therefore, they tried to appease the elements by calling to them. Our ancestors strongly believed in the magical powers of the word. The ritual rhymes were the beginning of the oral tradition, and with them came the songs, joyous games, and even entire plays and skits.

As time passed and Christianity was accepted, the traditions remained but were adjusted to the new religion. And in this new form, they became an integral part of the daily lives of the Byelorussian people. These traditions were retained to the present day and are still observed in Byelorussia and in the Byelorussian communities in the free world.

Thus, every year groups of Byelorussian youth and adults go Christmas caroling in the Byelorussian communities. In many Byelorussian churches, a common traditional Kutzia (Christmas Eve meal) is prepared and eaten. Many Byelorussian families prepare a traditional Kutzia for their families and, thus, keep this tradition alive. This is done on the Orthodox Christmas Eve which falls on January 6. In many Byelorussian communities a traditional Christmas tree (Jalinka) is decorated by the younger members of the community.

After busy preparations for the holidays, the celebration begins on Christmas Eve. After attending church, the entire family sits down to the Kutzia meal, containing exactly twelve dishes. The table is layered with hay (reminding us that Jesus was born in a stable) and then covered with a white table cloth. The bowl containing the kutzia is placed in the middle of the table. Kutzia is a porridge made from barley groates or wheat and, according to tradition, is an ancient ritual food. It was believed that one could predict the future by the color of the kutzia. Therefore, it was important that the kutzia came out just right. The kutzia was not meant to be for the living members of the family only, but was also served at the table for the departed ancestors.

All the food prepared for that meal had to be lean and meatless. It usually consisted of fried herring or herring stew, fried and jellyed fish, various salads, borsch with mushrooms, oats or cranberry jelly (kisel), lamantsy — specially baked cake served with a sweet sauce

made from poppyseeds and honey and compotes, made from dried pears and fruit. At the end everybody partakes of kutzia. Often the meal was interrupted by carolers who either sang at the window or were invited to come into the house. They came in with their star, sang carols or presented a play, called a batlejka. The batlejka or mystery play was very widely performed. In the batlejkas, young people changed into costumes and performed as animals such as bears or foxes. Sometimes they would impersonate royalty and at other times death, devil, musicians. The batlejkas usually contained up to twenty characters.

Another very old tradition was to take a "goat" (kaza) from house to house. This "goat" was actually the funniest boy in the village, dressed up like a goat, he was expected to act like a goat. This animal was used because our ancestors believed that the goat represented the good spirit, who protected the harvest.

The Christmas tree was decorated with great enthusiasm by adults and children alike. Nobody really knows what country was the first to have the Christmas tree, but we can be proud that it could have been in Byelorussia because of the fact that Byelorussian forests are full of beautiful pine and fir trees. During the winter, our peasants would bring these green and fresh smelling branches of the pine or fir into their houses. Perhaps the children would then decorate the small fir tree with ornaments made from paper. Sometimes during the course of this amusing practice, fun became tradition. About 150 years ago, the practice of lighting candles on trees was begun. The candles represented the light of the Christian faith. The star on the top of the tree represented the Star of Bethlehem. Chains made from gold and silver paper, functioned as reminders of the chains of dried fruit and ears of wheat which, in pagan times, our ancestors offered to their gods. The rest of the Christmas festivities were spent in merrymaking.

Raisa Stankievic

КАЛЯДКА

*Прыехала каляда на белым кані,
Яе конічак — ясен месячык,
Яе дужачка — ясна зорачка,
Яе пужачка — ясна зьвёздачка,
Яе вазочак з тоўстага лядку,
Яе кажушок зь белага сьняжку.*

ДЗЕЦІ І ВЯЛІКАН

(Вольным складам вольная апрацоўка паводля Оскара Уальда)

Мы паселі пад ялінкай
Слухаць казкі, грызць гарэхі
Вось зайшоў да нас у госьці
Мудравокі Дамавік.

— Раскажы ты казку дзецям,
раскажы, каб зналі людзі,
што хоць раз у годзе трэба,
хоць адзін раз на Каляды,
трэба казкай, дзіўнай казкай
холад сэрца сагрэваць.

А таму, што былі казкі,
а таму, што казкі будуць,
хоць ня верыце вы казкам,
называеце хлусьнёй.

А яны упарта, стала
ў сэрцы вашы лезуць сілай
і цішком хвалююць грудзі,
як вясновы першы гром.

— Што раскажаш сяньня дзецям
у мігценьні дзіўных свечак
у Калядны ціхі вечар,
мудравокі небажок?

І пачаў ён сваю казку.
Ціха стала пад ялінкай,
засьвяціліся, зазьзялі
вочы дзетак і дарослых
зачарованым агнём.

„За зялёным шумным борам,
за палямі і лугамі,
за гарамі і марамі
жыў самотны Вялікан.

І палац ён меў цудоўны.
На старожа вежы сталі,

з камянёў каштоўных вежы:
з дыямантаў і караляў.
А навокал замку — сад.

І цудоўныя расьліны,
ўсё заморскія там травы,
краскі дзіўныя глядзелі,
быццам зоркі, мігацелі,
У тым садзе — чысты рай.

Па суседзтву жылі дзеці,
ў школу рупліва хадзілі
так, як дзеці ўсе на свеце
ў школу ходзяць заўсёды.

А ў вольныя хвіліны
ў сад цудоўны заглядалі
і вяночкі там зьвівалі,
і гулялі там украдкам,
карысталіся прыпадкам,
што паехаў на край сьвету
злы, сярдзіты Вялікан.

Як-жа цешацца малым!
У цудоўным пышным садзе
краскі нізка гнуць галовы,
баюць дзіўныя ім байкі
і ціхусенька гамоняць
з шайкавістаю травой.

На алеі на шырокай
расьцьвіталі, красавалі,
вочы дзетак захаплялі
несказаную красой
дрэўцы-пэрсікі вясной.

Расьхіляліся лісточкі,
далікатныя пучочкі,
быццам пэрлы там віселі,
пэрлы-сьлёзкі брыльлянцелі.

І п'ялі свае песьні
птушкі чула аб каханні.
Толькі ўвесну на сьвітаны
можа, сьпеў такі і чуў хто
у юнацтва сьветлы час.

І спынялі дзеці гульні,
каб паслухаць сьпеў той дзіўны,
каб усьцяж, усьцяж сьмяяцца,
захапляцца волей, шчасьцем,
з дрэўцаў чудных, паху красак,
з маладосці сной сваіх.

І так хутка прамінулі
сем гадоў, прайшлі як сон.
І вярнуўся у свой замак
злы, нядобры Вялікан.

— Што? — сказаў сярдзітым басам,
— што тут робяць дзеці ў садзе?
Сад мой собскі. Што ім трэба
з гэтым бедным шчанюком?

— Не дазволю тут гуляць ім.
Для мяне п'яюць тут птушкі,
не дазволю, узьнясу тут
я высокую сыяну,
а над ёю я павешу
залатую на двух дрэўцах
з забаронаю дашку. —

І зрабіў так злосны Волат,
збудаваў сыяну з граніту,
а над ёю ўсім на сполах
на мэталі вывеў так:

„Пакараны будзе кажны,
хто асьмеліцца наведаць,
хто адважыцца заглянуць
у гарод цудоўны мой”.

Сумна, сумна стала дзецям.
Дзе знайсці другое месца

для забавы, для вясельля?
На дарозе? Тут ня зручна:
раняць ногі камяні.

Вандравалі, падглядалі
ўздоўж сыяны глухое дзеці.
Вандравалі, ўспаміналі
сад прыгожы за сыяной.

А вясна йдзе прыгажунья,
праз бары ідзе і нівы;
будзіць краскі, будзіць дрэвы,
бор задуманы, стары.

І найкол, найкол шырока
расцьвёлі сады прыгожа.
Сьпеў птушыны звонка льецца
ува ўсе зямлі канцы.

А ў садзе Вялікана
сыюжа лютая гасьціла.
Птушкі ў садзе не п'ялі,
і ня дзіва: для каго?

Ўступ быў дзецям заказаны.
Дрэўцы спалі непрабудна.
Толькі красачка галоўку
з траўкі ўпотаі падняла.

Сінім вочкам ўверх зірнула,
усьміхнулася спрасоння.
Як убачыла таблічку,
сум ёй вочкі засьляпіў.

І галоўку пахіліла
да самюсенькага долу,
і заснула зноўку краска
з сотняй красачак другіх.

бо Вясна забыла гэты
сад цудоўны Вялікана.
У сяброўстве з шкістым Сьнегам
там Мароз спраўляе баль.

Злы Мароз сказаў: „І добра,
застанёмся мы тут, браце,
загуляем тут мы, сябра”...
Сьнег дастаў бялюткі плашч,

што злажыў быў у дарогу.
Ім пакрыў траву і краскі,
загадаў Дзеду-Марозу
хутка дрэвы прыбіраць.

Мяляваць на іх вузоры
срэбрам-інеям пісаць;
абчапляць іх, абсыпаць іх
белым шклістым крышталём.

Ў госьці Вецер запрасілі.
Пайночны Вецер прыляцеў,
і засьпяваў і заськіголіў...
Дзьмуў той Вецер цэлы дзень.

Ён хістаў, ламаў галінкі
і зрываў, кружыў лісточкі...
Выў галодным воўкам дзіка,
толькі рانیцай прыціх.

Пацяшаўся: „Вось, дзе месца,
вось дзе радасьць, вось дык сад.
Як-бы зараз мне прыдаўся,
дапамог мне буйны Град,
як я быў-бы яму рад”.

Вецер вестку высылае
і вятрыскам даручае,
каб паведамілі Град,
каб ляцеў хутчэй у сад.

Прыляцеў той буйны Град,
малаціў усё падрад;
і праз ноч, і праз дні
ў дах стучэй, бубніў, бубніў...

Разгулялася чацьвёрка,
аж на сэрцы стала горка,

непакоіцца пачаў,
затужыў, засумаваў
той сярдзіты Вялікан,
таго замку валадар.

А чаму Вясна абходзіць,
ў сад прыгожы не заходзіць? —
Думаў, сеўшы ля вакна.
думаў часта Вялікан.

Ня прыйшла Вясна, ні Лета...
Восень дрэвы залаціла,
Нудна сонейка сьвяціла,
і кароткім стаў дзянёк.

Віселі яблыкі і грушы
у чужых садох пахучых.
І вінаград ужо наліўся
над плотам важна пахіліўся,
бо цяжкі гнуў да долу грэбзды.

А ў той сад, халодны, белы,
дзе гулялі Сьнег ды Вецер,
Дзед-Мароз, ды Град сівы,
не заглянула і Восень,
не дала пладоў сваіх.

„Ён ліхі, ня добры Волат,
ён вялікі самалюб”,
так падумала ў мінала
Восень сад за той сыяной,

за якой Зіма стагнала,
Сьцюжы вылі, завывалі,
жах на сэрцы наганялі
падарожных і дзяцей.

Ажно чуе раз у ранку
Волат музыку дзіўную.
„Можа гэта здесь гудзела
каралейская капэля,
па дарозе праяджае
і так весела іграе”, —
думаў ён.

Ажно бачыць за ваконцам
ён малюсенькую птушку,
канаплянкай што завецца,
і што ў песьні ўсцяж сьмяецца.

Песьні — гукі, пералівы,
так даўно па вас тужыў ён.
Дзіўнай музыкай чароўнай
канаплянкі льецца роўны,
тонаў поўны, нявымоўны
цудны сьпеў . . .

І ці-ж можа быць на сьвеце
чараўнейшая музыка?
Ці-ж зайграе так капэля
каралейская калі?

Так пляла канаплянка.
І цудоўны запах красак
ап'яніў і адурманіў
Вялікана галаву.

Вось яна, даўно чаканая,
па якой тужыў, таміўся,
расьсьпяваная, каханая,,
прыгажунья ты, Вясна.

І маланкаю із ложка
узьляцеў ён, як шалёны,
у вакно зірнуў і бачыць —
поўны дзіваў яго сад.

Ў белым цьвеце, як да шлюбую,
дрэўцы-пэрсікі стаялі:
як чароўныя прынцэсы,
разадзетыя яны.

І працягвалі галінкі —
рукі, міла усміхалісь,
і былі яны шчасьлівы,
як даўно ўжо ня былі.

Да грудзей яны тулілі
тых малых каханых дзетак.

А на кажным на сучочку
калыхаліся галоўкі,
і сьмяяліся іх вочкі,
быццам тыя васьлікі.

Птушкі цешылісь таксама
і так чула шчабяталі.
Краскі выглянулі з траўкі,
захапляліся Вясной.

Увіхаліся вясёла
матылькаў раі і мушак,
па-над краскамі ляталі,
мёд салодкі зь іх пілі.

Колькі радасьці і шуму,
колькі фарбаў, тонаў, ценяў —
цяжка выказаць сьловамі,
толькі сэрцам можна чуць.

Там, у самым канцы саду,
бачыць ён, вачам ня верыць,
Сівер сьвішча, завывае —
уладае там Зіма.

А на сьнезе шклістым, сінім,
на халодным сыпкім сьнезе
на страмкое дрэўка лезе
невялічкі хлапчучок;

Ды ніяк узлезыць ня можа,
тут падыйдзе, там падскочыць . . .
Усё дарэмна — замалы . . .

Сьлёзы брызнулі із вочак,
Пахіліліся галінкі,
ўсё ніжэй, як толькі можна,
— Лезь, хлапчына, вась драбінка,
лезь, каханае дзіця.

І прабуе йшчэ раз хлопчык.
Пасінелі ручкі зь сыжожы,
Сівер-Вецер, злосны, дужы,
не шкадуе хлапчыня.

Град ад радасьці рагоча,
замарозіць дзіця хоча.
Моцна плакала дзіцятка,
вочкі сьлёзы залілі.

А ў сэрцы Вялікана
дзіва творыцца дзіўное —
тае сэрца ледзяное:
ўміг усё ён зразумей.

Вось чаму Вясна забыла,
вось чаму і прамінула
сад вялікі, сад прыгожы
за гранітнаю сыяной:

сябелюбам быў ён злосны,
сябелюбам гордым, жорсткім;
замест сэрца камень меў,
лёдам сэрца атуліў.

— Шкода хлопчыка малюга,
падыму яго высока,
пасаджу яго на дрэва
так высока, як ніхто.

— Развалю сыяну з граніту,
кіну прэч дашку з напісам
і гуляць дазволю дзецям
ў маім садзе кажны дзень.

Уніз па сходах ён сьляшае,
дзьверы ў сад свой адчыняе.
Бачаць дзеці — быць бядзе...
І празь дзюрэчку ў сыяне
яны хутка шуганулі...
А за імі і ўвесь чар,
той цудоўны сонца дар...

Жаласьліва паглядаюць
краскі ў шоўкавай траве:
Дзед-Мароз і Град сьляшаць
закаваць іх, замарозіць
у халодным мёртвым сьне...

А ў куточку, ў канцы саду,
плача жаласна хлапчына
і ня бачыць Вялікана:
вочы поўныя ад сьлёз.

І пяшчотна ўзяў на рукі
Вялікан дзіцё малое,
і падняў яго высока,
так высока, як ніхто.

І ураз, як па загаду,
ў вадзін момант цуды сталі:
серабрыста-белым цвіетам
дрэва хутка расьцьвіло.

Зазьвінелі птушкі хорам,
і прыгожым тым уборам,
красак водырам, вясной
захапляліся гурбой.
А маленькі наш хлапчына
абвёў ручкі каля шыі
і з падзякай Вялікана
моцна ён пацалаваў.

Зноў вярнуліся ў сад дзеці,
бо пабачылі малыя,
бо адчулі дзеткі зьмену,
зьмену ў сэрцы Вялікана,
а за імі і Вясна...

„Гэта ваш сад ўжо ад сяньня
і прыходзьце, хто жадае,
ад сьвітання да зьмярканьня
тут вы можаце гуляць.

Тут для вас куток утульны,
тут спраўляйце свае гульні"... —
І узяў секеру Волат,
разваліў тую сыяну.

Хвалявалі песняў гукі,
чаравалі краскі пахам...
І прыходзілі штодзённа
дзеці ў той цудоўны сад.

Там гулялі, там п'ялі,
звонкім сьмехам там сьмяялісь;
падзіўлялі, адчувалі
моц каханьня і красу,
што у сэрцы Вялікана
панавала, сагравала
і ніколі не згасала
з тае даўняе пары.

— Але, дзе-ж малы ваш сябра? —
дзетак раз пытае Волат. —
— Той хлапчына сінявокі,
што так чула пазірае?
Бо яго найбольш кахае
сваім сэрцам Вялікан.

Вось здаецца абвіае
ілью кволая рука...
Вялікана агартае
нявымоўная туга.

— Не, ня праўда, гэта — сон,
гэта мроя доўгіх дзён.
І сумуе і чакае,
ўсё хлапчыну выглядае.
— Дзе-ж ты, мілае дзіця?

Адказаць ня могуць дзеці
Вялікану, дзе жыве ён,
бо ня бачылі ніколі,
ня сустрэлі яго болей
і ня ведалі раней
яго ў гэтай старане.

Любы Волату ўсе дзеці.
Цэлы дзень зь імі гуляе,
але часта ўспамінае
тое мілае дзіцё.

І любіў ён гаварыць,
уздыхаць і пайтараць:
— Ах, шчасьлівы быў бы час,
каб пабачыць яшчэ раз.

А гады йшлі за гадамі,
і станоўкімі шагамі

сьцежкі жыцця вымяралі.
Падрасталі птушаняты,
адляталі ў белы сьвет.

Падрасталі й дзеці хутка.
Але ў садзе Вялікана
не змаўкала шчабятаньне:
ня змыкаліся ніколі
вусны дзетак — макаў цьвет.

І міналі так гады.
Вялікан наш стаў стары,
ня гуляў у садзе ён
з тымі дзеткамі шмат дзён.

Ў крэсьле мяккім ён сядзеў,
на гульню дзяцей глядзеў,
на дзіцячыя няўдачы,
на нягоды, на прыгоды
і на радасьць, і на сьлязы...
Сэрца ласкай сагравай.

З усіх красак у гародзе
пакахаў ён шчыра сэрцам
прыгажэйшае ў прыродзе:
тых ружовых, тых малых,
тых нявінных, гаваркіх
дзетак. Сэрца ім аддаў,
толькі часам ўспамінаў,
толькі часам сумаваў...

Сьнежнай рانیцай зімой
раз сядзеў ён ля вакна
і глядзеў ён, як кружыўся,
ў танцы хуткім брыльянціўся
рой сьняжынак. На вакне
супачыць, як потым селі,
як Віхор на шыбы дыша,
а Мароз вузоры піша
срэбрам ў горным крышталі.

Не палюхайся Зімы ён,
ведаў, што за ёй услед
не спазьніцца, пасьпяшыцца,
ў ясным сонцы загарыцца
Вясна-красна на ўвесь сьвет.

Аж прыпадкам бачыць — дзіва,
мо здаецца то яму?
у вадным кутку гароду,
ў тым далёкім і глухім,
дрэўца ў цьвеце ўсё стаяла,
так прыгожа выглядала.

А галінкі залатыя
плады трымалі сакаўныя
ізь сярэбраным пушком...
Што за дзіва краскі ўзімку?
Серабрыстыя плады?

А на доле пад тым дрэўцам
той знаёмы, той хлапчына,
той, каго даўно чакаў,
па якім так сумаваў
і якога сэрцам чутым
назаўсёды пакахаў.

І ад радасці вялікай
ў сад бяжыць, як можа Волат...
— Вось, малыя тыя ручкі,
тыя вусны, вочак блеск...

— Хто пасьмеў цябе параніць?
ты, чароўнае дзіця?
І чаму крывавяць раны
на далонях на малых?

І на ножках тваіх босых
двох цьвікоў крывавяць раны...
Хто пасьмеў? — сярдзе Волат.
Ты скажы імёны іх!

Я вазьму свой меч пудоўны,
паднясу яго высока
і на голавы тых катаў
апушчу пудоўны меч.

— Гэта раны ад каханьня,
ад бязьмежнага каханьня.
Мае раны не баляць —
Не, ня трэба забіваць.
— Хто ты, дзіўнае Дзіцятка?

Захапленне ўскалыхнула,
ахапіла, ўзварушыла,
паваліла Вялікана
да дзіцячых ног малых.

Усьміхнулася Дзіцятка.
Так салодка і так мякка
галасочак празьвінеў:
„Ты дазволіў пагуляць мне
у тэаім прыгожым садзе...
Сяньня пойдзеш ты са мною
у мой сад. А сад мой — Рай“...

І калі прыбеглі дзеці
па палудні пагуляць, —
нячутым,
нявіданым
дзівам дзіўным чаравала,
прыцягала,
ўсю увагу забігала
дрэўца-цуд.

А пад ім, пад дрэўцам тым,
спаў сном вечным-векавым
гэрой казкі нашай, дзеткі,
гэрой казкі — Вялікан”.

Дамавік шугнуў у дзюрку.
Гаснуць свечкі на ялінцы.
Заблішчэлі, заіскрылісь
вочы дзетак у сьлязах.

Стала дзіўна ў сэрцы цёпла,
на дзяцей глядзяць пашчотна
так любоўна і маркотна
вочы блізкіх ім асоб.

Бо хоць раз угодзе трэба,
хоць адзін раз на Каляды,
трэба казкай, дзіўнай казкай
холад сэрца сагрэваць.

Зіна Станкевіч

СТАРАДАЎНІЯ КАЛЯДКІ

А калядачкі, а хадзіце к нам,
Ой, рана, рана, а хадзіце к нам.
А хадзіце к нам, а мы рады вам,
Ой, рана, рана, а мы рады вам.
Нашы прасьнічкі паламаліся,
Ой, рана, рана, паламаліся,
Верацёначкі пагубляліся,
Ой, рана, рана, пагубляліся.
Нашы пальчыкі паспрадаліся,
Ой, рана, рана, паспрадаліся
І пярсьцёначкі пасьціраліся,
Ой, рана, рана, пасьціраліся,
Каб вас, калядак, нядзель дзесятак,
Ой, рана, рана, нядзель дзесятак.
Мы-бы, дзеванькі, нагуляліся,
Ой, рана, рана, нагуляліся.
І калядак найспаміналіся,
Ой, рана, рана, найспаміналіся.

„Го-го-го, каза,
Го-го-го, шэрая!
Дзе каза была?“
— На месцы жыла.
„Дзе рогі дзела?“
— На соль прасла:
Соль дарагая,
Мера скупая.
На палу жыта
Рагамі пабіта.
А ў тым жыце
Перапяліца
Вывела дзяцей.
„Ідзіце, дзеці,
К сырому дубу“,
А там-жа стральцы
Білі, стралялі,
Ударылі козаньцы
У левае вуха,
Уставай, каза,
Жылы надзімай.
Гаспадар ідзе,

Каляду нясе;
Рэшата айса,
Наверх каўбаса.
Гаспадынячка,
Мая вішанька,
Запалі свечачку,
Пайдзі ў клетачку,
Стукні ў бачок —
Там стаіць мачок.
Вазьмі таго мачку
На талерачку.
Нашаму козьліку
Нямнога трэба:
Сем печ перапеч
І бочка жыта,
Каб каза была сыта.
Дзе каза рогам —
Там жыта строгам.
Дзе каза хвастом —
Там жыта кустом.
Дзе каза нагою —
Там жыта капою.

VISIT TO MURRAY



Raisa Stankievic and George Azarko at Dr. Lubachko's grave

On August 14, a monument on Dr. Ivan S. Lubachko's grave was blessed in a special ceremony by the Rev. Joseph Strok. As was stated in a previous issue of **Byelorussian Youth**, Dr. Lubachko, who passed away unexpectedly on July 20, 1977, bequeathed a large sum of money to be used in the Dr. Ivan S. Lubachko Byelorussian Scholarship Fund. After consulting with George Azarko (National President of BAYO), we decided to drive to Murray, Kentucky for the ceremony. This was a good opportunity for us to visit Dr. Lubachko's grave, and pay our respects and show our appreciation to a patriotic Byelorussian. His generous gift to the young generation will bear fruits in the future for the Byelorussian cause. Living away from the Byelorussian communities, Dr. Lubachko, in his own way, proved what a true and dedicated patriot he was.

Thus, on August 13, we set out for Murray, a small university town near the Missouri border. After driving all day we finally arrived in Murray. In the morning, we got in touch with Dr. Don Pace, a long time friend and neighbor of Dr. Lubachko. We also visited Dr. Lubachko's house and saw his apple orchard. We were informed by Dr. Pace about Dr. Lubachko's love for his apple trees. This inspired Dr. Pace to choose the following quotation by Edna St. Vincent Millay from "Renascence":

"I would I were alive again to kiss the fingers of the rain, to drink into my eyes the shine of every slanting silver line, to catch the freshened, fragrant breeze from drenched and dripping apple-trees". These words are engraved on Lubachko's monument. Dr. Pace also told us how impressed Dr. Lubachko was with our magazine, **Byelorussian Youth** and the work of the younger generation.

At the cemetery the Rev. Joseph Strok blessed the monument and celebrated a service for the dead (Panichida). A beautiful wreath of daisies and cornflowers decorated the grave. Byelorussians from Chicago and Dr. Lubachko's friends from Murray spoke briefly about his life and work. After the ceremony we met the lawyer who informed us that all is proceeding smoothly. It seems that the Dr. Ivan S. Lubachko Byelorussian Scholarship Fund will be formally established in the near future.

On our way back home, driving through Virginia's beautiful Shenandoah Park we relished the breath taking views of the forests, valleys and hills. These picturesque scenes reminded me of pictures I have seen of our Byelovezhskaya Pushcha and its untouched wilderness. However, there was a difference: no zubr (auroch) came out of the thicket.

On the way back we made plans as to how best fulfill Dr. Lubachko's wishes. This is very important, since it deals with the education of young Byelorussians in the field of Byelorussian studies and related subjects.

Raisa Stankievic

ABOUT ROOTS

The winner of this year's Nobel Prize in literature, Isaac Bashevis Singer, was honored for bringing "universal human conditions to life" through his writings. The following is an excerpt from an interview with Singer taken from U.S. News & World Report, Nov. 6, 1978. "You don't have to deny your roots," says Singer. "When I came to this country people still believed that the US was a melting pot, and we all came here to forget our roots, our language, our cultures. Thank God, in the last 40 years people came to the conclusion that you don't do any damage to America if you remember your roots, you remember your culture.

You don't have to deny your Jewishness or your Irishness or Italian-ness. You can still be a good American by being what you are. In other words, we all came here, not to forget everything, but to be able to remember everything."

THE FRANCIS SKARYNA BYELORUSSIAN LIBRARY AND MUSEUM

Last September I visited London for two weeks. Having this opportunity, I also spent some time at the Byelorussian Library and Museum. This was my second time there. The first time that I visited the Library and Museum was in 1967. I could immediately see the marvelous changes which took place over these ten years. I was very impressed and moved. This is one of the reasons why I am writing about it. Another more important reason is that I would like to share the knowledge about the Byelorussian Library and Museum with our young readers. In that one building one can find many treasures of Byelorussian history and culture, past and present. By being there, the atmosphere instills pride in our diverse heritage and, by experiencing it, makes one proud that a place like this exists and is available to all who want to take advantage of it. Therefore, if any of you will have the opportunity to visit London, don't forget to visit the Byelorussian Library and Museum. You won't be disappointed; instead you will absorb all that there is to see and learn and leave there with a sense of pride in your people and their accomplishments over the centuries. The Byelorussian Library and Museum should be on the itinerary when visiting London for any conscientious Byelorussian, whether young or old.

In order to get a clearer picture, let me start from the beginning. On April 9, 1947 a Byelorussian Catholic Mission was established in London by a young Priest from the Marian Monastery of Druja, Father Cheslau Sipovich. With him, from Rome, Father Sipovich brought a small but valuable collection of Byelorussian books. The room that housed these books became the Byelorussian Library, and for many years it was set aside as a study center and reading-room for those who chose to avail themselves of its facilities. It was also used by a number of scholars interested in Byelorussian history and culture.

In the decade following its founding, the number of books in the library increased rapidly. In 1956 a glass-fronted bookcase was constructed to occupy the entire length of the wall, and by 1959 all available wall space, practically from floor to ceiling, was taken up with bookshelves. The library now included, in addition to a growing number of contemporary works of Byelorussian literature, a periodicals section which by 1957 embraced all the major publications appearing in Soviet Byelorussia and in the Byelorussian communities overseas. There was also a good collection of old maps, a photographic archive and a number of priceless manuscripts.

In 1958 the library was formally named Bibliotheca Alboruthena. This event coincided with the arrival in London of Father Leu Haroshka, who since 1946 had directed the Byelorussian Catholic Mission in Paris. When the rector of the London Mission was elevated to the dignity of Bishop and Apostolic Visitor of Byelorussians in 1960, he was succeeded as librarian by Father Haroshka. The new rector, who himself a keen bibliophile, had managed to build up an excellent private library, which included a number of rare books printed in Western Byelorussia before

the war. This collection together with the London collection became the largest Byelorussian library in Western Europe.

During the latter part of the '60's the problem of space became acute. By 1968 there were well over 6,500 books either on the shelves, or deposited in various other rooms about the mission. In these circumstances it was decided to purchase a whole building to house the books and archives of the Byelorussian Library as well as the small museum.

In November 1969, a house directly next to the St. Cyril's House School was purchased. On February 12th, 1970, the Trustees of the library entered into the possession of the house. During 1970 extensive repairs and alterations were carried out on the house. Library furniture was purchased, and bookcases were installed to accommodate upward of 10,000 books. Finally, on May 15th, 1971, the Francis Skaryna Byelorussian Library and Museum was formally opened by Prof. Robert Auty, Professor of Comparative Slavonic Philology at the University of Oxford, and a distinguished gathering of friends and representatives of the Byelorussian communities in Great Britain and overseas. When the librarian Archimandrite Leu Haroshka, was appointed Director of the Byelorussian broadcasting service of the Vatican Radio in January 1971, his place was taken by Father Alexander Nadson.

The library and museum together occupy eight rooms of a total of twelve in the present building. The ground floor comprises an entrance hall, a reading room, a stock room and a periodicals room. In the entrance hall there is a permanent exhibition of woodcuts from the Bible of Francisak Skaryna. A spacious room on the ground floor, with a wide bow window looking out into the gardens, is set aside for use as a reading room. The walls are lined with glass-fronted bookcases, containing the library's rarer accessions. The room is furnished with a heavy oak table, chairs and a card-catalogue cabinet. Here are housed a finely-bound collection of Skaryna's translations from the Bible in photographic reproductions, together with similar reproductions of other rare works. Also in the library's collection one finds early works of the Byelorussian national revival period. There is a comprehensive selection of contemporary works on the history of the Byelorussian people in the years immediately following the first World War. There is an excellent collection of books published in Vilna and Western Byelorussia between the years 1904-1939. Elsewhere one finds a set of over 25 Byelorussian dialectical and other dictionaries, the new Soviet Byelorussian Encyclopedia and several complete editions of the works of the leading classical poets, Janka Kupala and Jakub Kolas.

In addition to a complete catalogue of its own collection, the library has a fairly comprehensive catalogue of Bielarusica in the British Museum, the Institute des Etudes Slaves and the Ecole des Langues Orientales in Paris, the Pontifical Oriental Institute in Rome, the University of Leyden and other European libraries. There are in the library exceptionally comprehensive collections of works on Byelorussian political and ecclesiastical history, literature and philology. There are also good sections on geology, natural history, geography, economics, archeology, art, music and law.

The periodicals room contains more than 220 sets of Byelorussian

newspapers, periodicals and journals, both printed and mimeographed.

There is in addition a fair collection of some one hundred maps of Byelorussia, dating from the 16th century to the present day.

On the first floor of the building, a large study room contains an extensive collection of Bibles and biblical studies in many languages.

The small microfilm room is equipped with a Kodak Microfilm reader. The collection of microfilms is designed to compliment the library's collection of printed books, and make accessible to the general reader a number of very rare Byelorussian publications and manuscripts, including several from the 16th and 17th centuries, which are at present scattered in libraries all over Western Europe. Together with the collection of photographic reproductions kept in the library, the microfilm section to some extent bridges the more noticeable gaps in the coverage of Byelorussian history and culture.

The library also houses a collection of manuscripts, typescripts and archive material. One of the most interesting items is a Byelorussian Tartar version of the Tefsir, or Koran, with interlinear translations into Byelorussian and Polish, copied by one Bohdan ibn-Sevben Asanovich in 1725. Another interesting and most recent acquisition is a well preserved original copy of the "Litouski Statut", the code of Laws of the Grand Duchy of Litva compiled by the Grand Chancellor Leu Sapieha. Looking at this book written in Byelorussian containing the laws of the Byelorussian people which applied to the territory of the Grand Duchy of Litva gave me a special feeling of pride. There is also an extensive collection of manuscript archives of the Pinsk Vicariate of the Orthodox diocese of Miensk. These cover a period extending from 1793-1877. Historical archives dating from the period of the Byelorussian Democratic Republic (1918-1921) are also deposited in the library. There are also letters, documents and autographed works of Byelorussian composers. Here one also finds archives and records of various Byelorussian organizations in Great Britain and the Western World.

In a large, well-lit room above the main library, is housed the Byelorussian Museum. This institution opened in 1967, with an exhibition to mark the 450th Anniversary of the printing of Skaryna's Bible in Prague. The collection of exhibits is, as yet, of modest proportions, though it includes a number of items of no small interest and value. The section devoted to textiles and embroidery comprises several 18th century pajasy or brocade girdles from Slucak and a particularly handsome Latin chasuble made up of pajasy from Slucak and Hrodna. By the way, today in Byelorussia (BSSR) one cannot find even one of the pajasy in any of the museums. There are representative displays of dziarushki and bedspreads from Vilna, Viciebsk, and Palessie, and a number of ruchniki or ornamental towels, embroidered in the folk tradition, glassware from Miensk, and ceramic-ware from Bielastok and Padlassie; a number of painted Easter eggs and decorative boxes; ecclesiastical ornaments, mitres and vestments, as well as a fine 18th century wooden crucifix from the Miensk region; a collection of 16th century coins of the Grand Duchy of Litva; and a number of original paintings and copies of engravings by Byelorussian artists.

Raisa Stankievic

20 YEARS OF THE BYELORUSSIAN AMERICAN YOUTH ORGANIZATION IN NEW JERSEY



Members of New Jersey BAYO performing "Belarus"

When Byelorussians arrived in New Jersey at the end of World War II from their war torn and communist occupied fatherland, they immediately began the task of organizing themselves into a cohesive community, so as to retain their rich and often obscured heritage. New Jersey, a state which General Washington's Army traversed many times during the American Revolution, became the home of proud Byelorussians, who undertook a revolutionary course of action in their own right. Unlike their earlier Byelorussian counterparts who had immigrated to New Jersey before the First World War and had lost the last vestige of their Byelorussian Heritage in the Russian Churches and R.O.V.A.'s, these daring new immigrants organized their own parishes and organizations.

They founded the Byelorussian American Association in New Jersey (1950). This organization was instrumental in establishing a parish in the city of New Brunswick — St. Mary of Zyrovichy — under the jurisdiction of the Byelorussian Autocephalic Orthodox Church in August of 1951. An earlier established parish in South River — St. Euphrasinia of Polacak — under the Greek Archdiocese of North and South America was founded in 1950. Because of the employment, religious, educational (Rutgers — The State University) and civic organizations which New

Jersey could offer Byelorussians, New Jersey soon became the state with the largest Byelorussian population.

As the number of Byelorussian families increased and as the families grew, there became a definite need for an organization which could successfully cater to the needs of young Byelorussians attending American schools. Many young Byelorussians in New Jersey had already discovered the enjoyment of attending the functions in New York City sponsored by the Byelorussian Youth Association of America (BYAA). Here they mingled with Byelorussians of their own age and shared some common experiences in their new homeland; they learned about the young Byelorussian Revolutionary Kastus Kalinouski, who died on the gallows at an age when most young people graduate from college; they danced to both rock-n-roll and traditional folk tunes such as Lavonicha; they listened to the inspirational and highly patriotic verses of Kupala and Kolas; but most of all, they could be sure that they would not lose a unique possession — their Byelorussian Heritage.

By November of 1957, it became obvious to both the BYAA and the young Byelorussians in N. J. that a branch should be established in New Jersey. Michael Kazlakouski, National President of the BYAA, called a meeting in the home of Mr. Paul Kulesh, who gladly received the young and enthusiastic Byelorussians who had waited so long for their own organization. On the propitious evening of November 13, 1957 these young Byelorussians formally established the New Jersey Branch of the BYAA, by electing an executive committee with Michael Karanieuski as its president. They had become equal partners in a national association comprising of young Byelorussians in New York, Cleveland, and Detroit. Little did they realize that they had embarked on a journey which would bring them into contact with the young Byelorussian denizens of these cities; that they had propelled themselves on a mission of erudition, which would enlighten them about Byelorussia and young Byelorussians.

The lack of an ideal meeting place did not deter these young Byelorussians from continuing their meetings and activities. Mr. Kulesh extended the use of his spacious home to the members of the New Jersey Branch. Lectures such as "Christmas Customs in Byelorussia", "The Role of Women in the Renaissance of the Byelorussian Nation", and "Young Patriots Sacrifice Their Lives for the Freedom of Their Fatherland" were typical of the indoctrination which these young Byelorussians were receiving.

By 1959, the Branch had acquired a convenient meeting place — the YWCA — on Bayard St. in New Brunswick. Later that same year, the members began meeting in the Neighborhood House on Commercial Avenue and Baldwin St. in New Brunswick. By becoming members of

the Neighborhood House, they were able to use the available facilities such as the gym, pool tables, and ping-pong tables. Ping-pong became a favorite sport and many of the members became extremely proficient at this game. Many lectures were also held here, where many of the members first learned about Dr. Francis Skaryna, a 16th century scholar, who published the first Byelorussian Bible.

As the Byelorussian community grew and prospered in New Jersey, the New Jersey Branch did likewise, participating in the life of the Byelorussian community. At the commemoration of the 42nd anniversary of the Byelorussian National Republic held at the parish hall of the New Brunswick Presbyterian Church on Livingston Ave., the members staged a play — simply called “Belarus” — and the newly organized folk dancing group performed to the satisfaction of all. In March of 1962 our members, for the first time, had the opportunity to witness the signing of a proclamation by Gov. Richard Hughes, proclaiming March 25th as Byelorussian Day in New Jersey. This, together with the raising of the Byelorussian white-red-white at the New Brunswick City Hall, to this day remains an established tradition in the life of New Jersey's Byelorussian community.

In the early sixties, many of the older members who began attending colleges and universities withdrew not only from active participation in the Branch, but also from the Byelorussian community. Instead of furthering their knowledge about the problems unique to the Byelorussian community (such as lack of identity, ignorance of the American public about Eastern Europe, etc.) in the United States, and instead of providing new ideas and leadership so as to improve what many young Byelorussians found to be disagreeable, many of the so-called young “intelligentsia” found it much simpler to abandon the community, apathetically. The apathy of a few members, however, did not prevent the enthusiastic members of the New Jersey Branch from joining with the New York Branch to form a large dance company, the predecessor of today's “Vasiliok” folk dance group, in order to perform at the 1964-65 New York World's Fair. Under the directions of a vivacious lady, Alla Orsa-Romano, who to this day is the director of the renown Vasiliok folk dance troupe, the ancestral folk dances of Byelorussia were performed on a special day designated as “Byelorussian Day” at the World's Fair.

The Branch also helped the community financially by donating five hundred dollars in 1962 to the parish of St. Mary of Zyrovychy so that the parish could acquire its present church and community center at 9 River Road in Highland Park. The Branch holds its meetings and other activities here to this day. The Branch also has donated icons and other religious items to the parish.

By the late sixties, a new generation of youth had joined the ranks of the organization. Unlike their predecessors, they were born in the United States and were subject to the process of "Americanization" from birth; nevertheless, this generation was the generation which attended schools during the era where Blacks, Puerto Ricans, and other minorities began to clamor for more recognition in the curricula of American colleges and universities. Unlike the older generation of Byelorussian students who became engulfed in the mainstream of Anglo-Saxonism without ever emerging as Byelorussians, but as Americans who just happened to be Byelorussians (by a freak of nature), the younger generation was not reluctant to express its "Byelorussianess" or to inform their American colleagues that they were different from them in culture and religion.

This generation continued the traditions which were established since the Branch's founding, such as caroling, folkdancing, and dramatic club. Sports also became a very popular activity among these young Byelorussians. Although sports activities such as track or volleyball are not uniquely Byelorussian (Volleyball is an American invented sport highly popular among Byelorussians and East Europeans), many of the New Jersey BAYO members have played on Byelorussian teams, such as the well known USVBA Volleyball Team Nioman from South River. Unlike the Cleveland Branch, the New Jersey Branch was never able to form a volleyball team which practiced regularly, even though many of the Branch's members were (and are) excellent players.

Many of the younger generation attended Rutgers, The State University in New Brunswick, and they did not attend without leaving their imprint. The Rutgers Byelorussian Students Club was established at the University in 1976. A series of Byelorussian symposiums, held in the fall of 1974 at the Alexander Library and featuring Dr. Jan Zaprudnik as the guest lecturer, laid the groundwork for the formation of the Byelorussian Students Club at Rutgers University, which has a large membership to this day.

The greatest achievement of the Branch has been its total participation in both Byelorussian Festivals held at the famous Garden State Arts Center in 1976 and 1977. Members not only performed on stage, but also were on the Executive Committee of the Byelorussian Festival Committee, chaired by Dr. Vitaut Kipel. Both festivals featured the BAYO folk dance troupe Vasiliok which captivated an audience of three thousand people at each festival.

The members of the New Jersey Branch of the Byelorussian American Youth Organization express their warmest Byelorussian gratitude to both Alla Orsa-Romano and Gene Lys'uk, honorary members who have many a time sacrificed a weekend with their families in order to

AN EPISODE'S END

Sophia Cadbury awoke in her usual grey manner. She was too tired to sleep. Slowly she reached out her fragile crinkly hand from under her sandwich of itchy covers. The buzzer was singing like a morning rooster as she forced the words "Nurse . . . nurse . . . where's Ruth?"

In five drawn out minutes a nurse with a face drained of life walked in. Her shift was almost over and she was tired.

"Nurse, what time will Ruth come to see me? You said it would be soon. I had my hair washed!" The nurse spat out the answer, "Maybe today." Tucked old Sophia back under the covers as gently as if she were an icicle and briskly departed until tomorrow.

In the meantime, Sophia's head was brewing up a plot. There was still a good sized brain in that ancient body. She knew the next time she called for a nurse, the one that was too efficient would come in and act like a rock. Sophia realized that this was her chance. The only chance. She threw a glance at Thelma, her roommate who was still living in her dream world. Sophie slowly slipped out from under the covers. Peering out of the door, she saw that the hall was empty. She started out. First at a slow walk, tiptoeing like a catburg'er, then into a dainty run. Around the corner and down the hall there was the door. The blurry corner seemed to be getting closer. And blurrier. She rounded it. Feeling as if she had accomplished something. Sophie stopped to gulp a supply of oxygen. As the stinging in her lungs began to subside, she went on. But not for long. The shifts had changed and now the morning nurses were making rounds to visit their patients. A young nurse spotted her and realized it was the Cadbury woman.

"Sophia." Sophie ignored her and began to run faster, feeling like an escaped convict. The nurse called her again "Sophia . . . Sophia Cadbury, your daughter is on the phone. She wants to talk to you."

Sophie halted and whipped around. Those were the words she wanted to hear for eight dreary months. "My daughter called? Ruth? I was just going to see her." And she willingly gave herself up to the nurse. They walked back up the hall past the corner and every other goal that she had tried to reach. The whole time they were discussing breakfast or at least the nurse was. The elderly lady, being very hungry, clung to the thought of food like gum to your shoes. The warm tea for her tired throat was enticing. The adventure was very defeating for such a sliver of a person.

Sophia was back in her room now. There wasn't a daughter on the

cultivate the minds and hearts of a group of young Byelorussians. They can be assured that their efforts have not gone unrewarded, for they have instilled a sense of pride and Byelorussian consciousness in an entire generation of young Byelorussians in New Jersey, who will continue to preserve and share their rich and often obscured heritage with other people. HAPPY BIRTHDAY NEW JERSEY BRANCH, you are now only twenty years old and still growing!

George Azarko

phone, or a message. It was all made up as lure. By this time, she had forgotten all about it anyway. Her growing stomach had overpowered all other happy thoughts. The nurse had known just what to say to melt her and then twist her around food.

Breakfast was served in the dining hall. The food wasn't outstanding. What was supposed to be oatmeal looked like "Chuck Wagon" dog food. Nobody really minded. The fellow who sat across from Sophie was at the point where taste didn't matter. Some people just swallowed like sponges and didn't taste at all.

Emily, who sat at the next table, was in a mood. She was the youngest of the borders; only in her jolly forties. She looked about thirty-five. She suffered from muscular dystrophy. Every one said she was a beautiful woman in every way before it touched her. The food wasn't pleasing to her so she screamed, "My Daddy will yell about this. It looks like crap."

Emily's partner in trouble making decided that she was too noisy. He hit her and said, "Hold your tongue you baby!" Emily did not appreciate this. She picked up her poached eggs and threw them at him. She missed. Unfortunately Sophia was in the line of fire. Now it was time to call for the waitress.

"Waitress!" A sob fell out of Sophia's eyes and mouth. Her feelings were hurt. She hadn't cried for a long time and this incident seemed to be convenient. The waitress came and looked at Sophie, who could have passed herself off as a baby bear dipped in honey. She said to the waitress, in a whimper, "Oh, Ruth, you came! That horrible woman hit me with her egg yolk." In times of trouble, she created a daughterly image. Sophia was a favorite of everyone. The waitress went over to deal with Emily. However, she should have approached her from the rear. Emily christened her with a flying bowl of oatmeal. Hot oatmeal. Of course, this settled the whole argument. Emily's dining room privileges were taken away for three days which meant eight meals.

The sunrise of the next day took longer to walk around the earth. It didn't bring any messages from Ruth. Visitors came to visit. For Thelma, the roommate. Sophia was startled to wake up and find herself in a sardine can ten by twelve feet. Thelma's daughter, Mary, had taken her once a week thirty mile drive to come and visit. That's because she cared enough. Mary would be staying most of the day. She brought her husband and her two children also. They would leave to the movies soon.

Mary saw Sophia wake up and said, "Good morning, dear." As some young people call old people at times — dear. "It's nice to see that you are still here. How is Ruth? Fine, I hope." Which was a bad choice of words in both sentences. Sophia replied, "Ruth, yes Ruth . . . I guess she is good. I am waiting for her . . . right now. She'll be coming."

Thelma started to argue that there was no such person. It was a big story. Her daughter changed the subject and the day went on in this manner.

Because of the great escape the day before, every time Sophia was out of bed, she had to wear a harness. It was a white cotton belt that your arms had to go through woven like a basket to support the front of your body. It snugly snapped to the chair or bed you were sitting on.

Thelma would look at her roommate and conclude, "Thank heaven they don't put me in a straight jacket like hers! I always behave myself."

Toward the end of the day, Sophia began to get drowsy and vague. She looked out from under the covers at Thelma's daughter and mistook her for her own offspring. She called this supposed "Ruth" to her bedside. Mary played along. She felt sorry for this lonely old lady who was so sweet and gentle, like a ripe dandelion ready to blow away. "Yes, I'm here." She sat by Sophia and listened to her words until Sophie drifted off to sleep.

Morning brought a white surprise. Snow. Lots of snow. Covering everything. The cedar trees resembled sliding boards. Sophia and Thelma sat by the window glaring out at the change of scenery; not speaking, which was uncommon for Thelma. There weren't any tire tracks on the road or footprints on the hidden lawn. Everything was smooth.

Then Sophie experienced a lucid moment. A memory came to her. She was young, with long blonde hair, singing a solo in front of a spell-bound audience. The performance ended. A large bouquet was presented to her. Later, backstage, Sophia's husband with her baby daughter Ruth presented her with another one; The tiniest bouquet of her favorite violets.

They walked home in the silent snow.

Suddenly she fell out of her remembrances as abruptly as she fell in. It was the sound of a siren and of Thelma's yelling that brought her out of her youth.

An ambulance was slowly skidding its way down the fresh snow. It ruined the whole picture. The atmosphere of content dissolved. Everyone that was awake this early in the morning was either in the lobby or standing in the door of their room. "Who is it?", "Who could this be?" "Everybody is well." Half a dozen voices were whispering these questions. A creaky voice from a doorway said, "It must be Myrtle, she always acts sick." Meanwhile another voice was crying, "They came for me! Those bad people. They're gonna take me away!"

The answer came on a stretcher. The covers were so thick you found it hard to recognize the victim. It was Merve. His heart was throubling him. He was probably troubled for the last time. They could sense it. They were all starting to creep in that direction. The nurse told them he would be alright and to go back to the rooms. That's what she said when Jerry died. Few could recall that. It was only last week. Sophie recalled it. Her whole day remained out of spirit. The snowfall didn't even help.

Sophia couldn't stand this home any longer. She wanted to leave and to leave now. The night nurse had just left. If Sophie hurried she could make it faster than she did last time. She rose out of bed and put on her bathrobe and her torn slippers. She glanced a farewell glance at sleeping Thelma. Thelma never seemed to know much of anything. Sophie knew what she wanted. Once again she tip-toed into the hallway more cautiously than the first time. It was quiet. The only sounds were the snores and sighs of lonely old people. This made her subconscious feel helpless.

Finally she rambled away from her door. She proceeded with caution since she hadn't ventured into this wing very often and it was still

partially dark. Sophia was walking swiftly. If seen from the side she would have looked like an ostrich. The carpet kept her footsteps silent. That was good, but the circular design on it made her eyes ache and her head spin. She had to take occasional rests. Unlike last time, now she had running experience. Don't run too far too fast.

She was approaching a familiar landmark, the corner. A hot draft was coming from that direction. Sophie got the chills. She stopped. There seemed to be voices. Yes, maids. With a convincing limp she passed at them. "Good morning ladies, ladies, which way is the ladies room?" The maids told her it was around the corner. So there she was. Clear of the cleaning ladies and one stretch to go.

The door to the outdoors is finally in Sophie's reach. Luck for Sophie. Her feet feel heavier than two wet towels. As she stepped outside, she felt those hot chills again. It was one of those February spring days when the sun was out but snow was still occupying space on the ground. This time of year germs are out to get adapted.

Sophie had not been outside for what seemed like a short century. She forgot herself for a minute. Instead of walking away from the sign that read "Arthur's Nursing Home for the Aged", she stood in a puddle and kicked pebbles across it. Then the sign came to her mind. It was as dull and impersonal as the building itself. How good it felt to walk away. She looked back and saw the wet footprints leaving the puddle. What small joys enhance our lives.

This part of the city was not a well known sight to her. The last time she was out as far as the street was the time when all the people at "Arthur's" were loaded onto a bus and taken to a park only to be stared at and laughed at by other people.

Now Sophie was on her own.

There was a gas station across the street. She wanted to get directions. How to cross the street? There were so many cars! Maybe she should ask at the drug store first? She didn't have to cross for this, just walk a little.

Sophia walked up to the pharmacist. She said, "Excuse me, sir. Do you know where Ruth lives?" He said, "Ruth who? You'll have to be more specific." Sophia explained, "My Ruth, Ruth Cadbury... Oh, never mind. Her name is different now that she's married..." She was leaving as the man remarked, "Hey! You better put something over your nighties."

Sophia was getting very tired. She also felt like a lost wanderer. For the first time, she realized that the temperature really wasn't warm; of maybe it was warm but she was sick. Sophia began to get scared.

The street had to be crossed. This was a task. Sophie edged up to the road. This was rush hour. Everyone was leaving for work. The cars were speeding by. She looked to the right. After a wait there was a space in the beaded necklace of cars.

Sophie stumbled across, but she had forgotten to look left. There was a loud prolonged honk from a horn followed by the screaming of brakes. In all the noise, Sophia tripped and fell. With an effort she managed to remove herself from the road, losing nothing but one of her slippers.

This experience was too much for such a broken person. The fear,

THE CASE OF SVETLANA MISIUK

Translation from Russian of a samizdat document published in Radio Liberty's **Materialy samizdata** (№ 37/78 of November 3, 1978, doc. #3375).

"BYELORUSSIA. In the village of Hnieucyca (Gnevchytsa) in Ivanovo raion of Brest oblast, Svetlana Mikhailovna Misiuk, an eighth-grade student, was severely beaten in October (1977). The schoolmistress, Lidia Polakevich, grabbed the girl by the hair in the teachers' room and beat her in the presence of two other teachers until Svetlana fell to the floor unconscious. The girl was revived by seltzer water bought at the school lunch-counter. The ordeal continued for two hours. While it was going on, the school administrator, Piotr Fomich Polakevich, chased students away with a stick in order to prevent them from hearing the screams. Svetlana's crime was that she comes from a religious family and is herself a believer. After Svetlana regained consciousness, Polakevich threatened that if she told anyone about the incident, she would be charged with libel and that, in any event, no one would believe her because she had no witnesses. An official from Minsk, in charge of religious affairs, when asked about the incident, said that the girl had no witnesses, that she was simply feigning, and that news about the incident should not be circulated."

loneliness and exhaustion overpowered her. As she reached the other side Sophia collapsed in a ditch.

At the Nursing Home Sophia was declared missing. Her roommate was questioned, the nurses, and finally the maids. The police were called in and asked to look for an old woman: about 5'2", thin, grey, and probably dressed in sleepwear.

An hour later she was laying on a stiff white stretcher. This time the sound of the siren was for her. A gas station attendant had found her unconscious. He described her as "a small bundle of scars".

Her room was in a blizzard. Doctors raced in and out. Nurses from the nursing home were coming to visit. Suddenly all discovered that they were sorry for Sophia. They couldn't help it. She was one soft-spoken grain of sand in a vast desert. Thelma's daughter had come to see Sophia. She sat by her holding her tiny hand. Everyone was there but ... Ruth. There were people, food, blankets and medicine.

Still she remained unconscious.

The diagnosis read as follows:

Pneumonia

Fractured rib

Internal and external bruises

Sophia remained unconscious. Everyone came but Ruth. The siren had finally taken Sophie. Her episode had ended.

Ruth was vacationing in the Virgin Islands.

Ludmila Rusak

CARAVAN

Well, Caravan came and went again this year. It's been ten years now that the little Miensk pavilion on St. Clarens Avenue has been opening its doors to all those people who wanted to get a taste of "the Byelorussian experience". Numerous articles have been written here and elsewhere relating the details of what goes on behind those doors—up on the stage, in the dining room, around the entire exhibit hall. Mentioning it again would be more than redundant. Suffice it to say that the job was once again well done: the food was delicious, the exhibits impeccable, the performances bravura.

But while it is true that each year Caravan remains essentially "the same", the experience of being part of it, in general, and of "Miensk", in particular, is always changing. One comes to the pavilion each summer one year older and one year wiser and therefore, experiences the whole event in subtly different ways each time. "If you've seen one, you've seen 'em all" simply does not hold in this case.

The Miensk troupe has had a great number of members in its nine year journey to Caravan '78. Sometime during the course of those nine years, very close friendships have been forged — some of them only because of the fact that there is such a thing as Caravan. In the framework of a ten day period, troupe members become somewhat like a family—leaning on each other in times of need, squakking with one another, gossiping, missing each other when one of them is not there. And because of the Miensk pavilion is the smallest of the Caravan centers, this sort of intimate "family" situation is probably unique only to the Miensk troupe. This is not to suggest that all that occurs is just dandy. There is in fact, a great deal of yelling and screaming, but then what normal family doesn't have their share of that. The point is that the experience of being part of this group is something really worthwhile, not only for the members but for the Byelorussian community as well.

This year, the group found itself to be a good deal smaller than it was in previous years. Is morale declining? Have we outgrown this whole thing? Are we too busy and preoccupied with our own personal lives to contribute some time to an event whose continuity is essential to the well-being of the Byelorussian community in Canada? One would hope that this is not the case.

Yes, Caravan came and went this year leaving behind a great deal of pleasant memories in the hearts and minds of all those who participated. Whether it will come and go again in the future depends on us.

Danczyk Andrusyshyn

THIRD CONFERENCE ON MULTICULTURALISM

On the weekend of Friday, October 27 to Sunday, October 29, I attended the Third Conference on Multiculturalism in Ottawa, Canada. I was invited as a representative of the Byelorussian youth and was involved in a youth workshop dealing with cross-cultural awareness. During the course of our workshop we discussed the problems pertaining to public awareness of the many cultures making up the Canadian society.

Our workshop consisted of twenty members of Canadian youth, representing various communities throughout Canada, and five resource persons. They came from the Prairies, the Pacific and Atlantic Provinces and the Yukon and North West Territories to participate in the conference.

We went about finding a solution to the problem of cross-cultural awareness by first defining the word "culture" in our own words. We then derived one definition to the word "culture" by summarizing all our points.

During our three days of talks we wrote down a number of problems that would be present if we were to make different cultures aware of each other, and then we wrote what we thought were feasible solutions to those problems. Each workshop worked out resolutions to be presented in the plenary session on the last day of the conference. I was asked to present the report for Workshop IV on Cross-Cultural Awareness.

Involved in the conference were 500 delegates of whom 129 were youth. The rest were either members of the Canadian Consultative Council on Multiculturalism or community leaders, who also participated in various workshops. The conference was hosted by the Honorable Norman Cafik, Minister for Multiculturalism.

One thing I noticed among the delegates was that they all knew their ancestral language. Their knowledge was attributed to the preservation of their culture from generation to generation.

It is through the endeavour of our parents to teach us and through our willingness to learn that our own culture will survive.

I was very proud to have been able to represent the Byelorussian youth. I had a very interesting experience that I believe would have benefited everyone had they had the chance to attend the Third Conference on Multiculturalism in Canada.

Hanna Survilla

The Byelorussian Youth periodical is published quarterly.
The price per issue is 1.00 dollar, or 4.00 dollars for one year subscription.

MY HORSE AND I

Walking down the pasture not knowing why,
With tears in my eyes I did cry "My horse!
My horse! Why did you die?"
All of a sudden I heard a sound,
The sound of pounding hoofbeats beating against the land.
Then in front of me appeared two stallions and their band.
They were two wild stallions wild and free.
A black stallion with white tail and mane,
And a white stallion strong and brave.
I watched in dreading silence,
The white won the battle.
I did love that horse there and then.
Even though he be wild and free I knew he had to belong to me.
I lassoed him and tamed him it took me some while,
Finally he wasn't so vile.
NOW, El Torado and I were together.
"My horse, My horse you are mine,
My horse, My horse," I cried.
On the war path we did ride.
My stallion's blanket, bridle and bit shone of gold.
Both he and I became bold.
He white as snow, sky-blue eyes, pinked, hooved, and proud
stout chest.
He and I lived the best.
We died one night both full of lead
Shot till we were both dead.
But we live in a world of our own which is our new home.
We are alive, my horse, El Torado and I,
If you look up some clear night you may be able
to see us galloping by, in the dark night sky.

THE DESERT MAN

I'm a desert man,
My skin the color of desert sand.
I travel in a one man caravan,
On camels which are tan.
The wind is my friend,
My messages by birds I send.
The desert animals are my
companions,

I ride on Arab stallions.
I'm a man of pride,
Yet it I hide.
I'm a solitary man,
That's what I am,
A solitary man.
And I'll stay that way any way I
can.
I'm a desert man.

THE STRANGE LITTLE STRANGER

*Sitting alone, strong and bold
Doesn't need any friends, doesn't have any at home.
You get used to seeing her walking by,
Rarely you can hear her cry.
But when she does she holds her head high.
For all to see she may cry.
There is no sin to show your feelings.
Walking along, hair blowing like a mane,
Free and wild child feeling no pains.
Standing alone to her any place is home.
See her stand up for what she believes,
Nature and love in her dreams.
See her with an animal band,
To see her there you feel at hand.
She looks like a wild stallion without a herd,
A "dog soldier" willing to fight.
But is quiet in the night.
Hear her walk like a cat,
Very soft pitter-pats.
Walking over leaves and twigs without a noise,
She prefers to be alone without girls and boys.
She is wild and free and wishing so to be.
Standing next to a tree so meek and mild,
But truly she is very wild.
No man can catch her no matter how they try,
That strange little stranger that hardly cries.
Standing up to pain as if it were nothing,
But inside the pain is real and alive,
A cover up, a jive for the pain deep inside.
She stalks like a cat and pounces on her prey,
So beware of her or she may steal you away.*



Vera Zaprudnik, Danczyk Andrusyshyn, Nina Zaprudnik, Raisa Stankievic and Mikola Kunceвич receiving the Proclamation from Herbert Rickman declaring March 25 as Byelorussian Day in New York City

**

Byelorussians from New York and vicinity observed Byelorussian Independence with a festive program at the Biltmore Hotel in New York City on April 2. The BAYO officially participated with the BAZA in organizing this event. The National President of BAYO, George Azarko, delivered a speech. George Andrusyshyn read the Proclamation by Gov. Hugh Carey of New York, Raisa Stankievic read the Proclamation from the Mayor of New York City, Edward Koch, and George Kurylo read the Proclamation from the Gov. of New Jersey, Brendan Byrne. Danczyk Andrusyshyn was back from Canada in time to sing three Byelorussian songs at the New York festivities as well. The newly formed dancing group "Matylki" from New Jersey made their debut with "Mikita".

**

On April 2, the Byelorussian community in Cleveland, Ohio and vicinity

commemorated the 60th Anniversary of Byelorussian Independence. Local Byelorussian youth participated in the festive program.

**

On April 9, Byelorussians of Los Angeles gathered in order to observe the Proclamation of Byelorussian Independence. The program, which was attended by a large number of Byelorussians, was jointly organized by BAZA, BAYO and the BCCA. The Proclamation from the Mayor of Los Angeles, Thomas Bradley, was read by Anthony Winicki.

**

On April 9, Byelorussians in Chicago observed Byelorussian Independence Day with a festive program. The event was organized by the Coordinating Committee of Chicago. The Proclamation from the Mayor of Chicago, Michael A. Bilandic, was read by Boris Niahoda. Irene Ramuk read the Proclamation from Gov. James R. Thomp-



Vasil Bojczuk, Nata Rusak, Congressman Ed Derwinski, Alice Kipel, Michael Schwed, Rahnedra Hutyrczyk and George Kipel at the Capitol Hill Club in Washington, D. C.

son and Mark Sinkiewicz delivered a well prepared speech for the occasion.

**

As was reported by New Jersey newspapers, Nona Machniuk and George Azarko attended the Garden State Arts Center Annual Heritage Ball on April 18.

**

On May 6, the Byelorussian community in Maine participated in an exhibition at the state university in Augusta. The exhibition was part of an ethnic festival organized by students who wanted to get acquainted with the Slavic nations of Eastern Europe. This was the first time that Byelorussians participated. One of the main attractions consisted of Sonia and Vera Melianovich who danced and sang Lavonicha.

**

Members of the New Jersey BAYO, dressed in Byelorussian costumes, marched with Byelorussian veterans and other organizations in the Annual Memorial Day Parade on May 28 in New Brunswick and Highland Park.

**

On June 11, members of the BAYO in New Jersey participated in the 4th Annual Ethnic Festival at Middlesex County College. The dance group Vasiliook performed two times that day. There was an exhibition of folk arts and crafts, a book stand and a fashion show of Byelorussian costumes. Byelorussian food was also available for those who were hungry. Some twelve thousand visitors attended the festival. BAYO representatives on the Festival Committee were George Kipel, Nata Rusak and Michael Schwed.

**



Rita Guryn — Miss Belair-Miensk

On June 20, the Cleveland BAYO held its annual meeting at the Community Center Polacak. After the reports were given, it was noted that a lot of work had been done by the branch in the past year. It was also noted that there was good participation by BAYO members in the activities of the other organizations. The Treasurer reported that the past year was very profitable to the branch because of the dances, picnics, lotteries and other events that the branch sponsored.

The following new officers were elected: Victor Wasilewski — President, Andy Kononczuk — Vice President, Christine Kovalenko — Secretary, Mary Kovalenko — Assistant Secretary, Valerie Haroch — Treasurer. Members of the committee are: Walter Litwinko, Irene Strapko and Leo Wasilewski.

This year the tenth annual Caravan Festival was held during the last week of June in Toronto, Canada. Once again the Byelorussian youth of Toronto worked very hard to make it a success. This year the mayor of the Miensk pavilion was Roland Tielehs, Miss Miensk was Helen Slusarczyk and the master of ceremonies for the performances was Hanna Survilla. The dancing group Lavonicha under the direction of Eva Pashkievich, performed Lavonicha, Taukachyki, Vianochak and Polka Janka. Danczyk Andrusyshyn sang a number of songs.

On 4th of July Weekend, the Cleveland BAYO organized a youth rally at the Community Center Polacak. Attendance was good by the local residents and guests from South River, New Jersey. On Saturday morning July 1, a volleyball tournament between Cleveland's team, Pahonia, and South River's team, Nioman, was held. The South River team won first place with a score of 3:1. Later that evening a buffet supper with lots of good food and delicious pastries was prepared and served by youth members. This was followed by a dance at which the Tempo orchestra provided music. Sunday, after church services, a public picnic was held on the Polacak grounds.

On July 15, a Byelorussian Youth Weekend was held at the Byelorussian resort Belair-Miensk. Youth participated in sports activities and at the dance that took place that evening, Rita Guryn was chosen Miss Belair-Miensk.

The 14th Annual Sports Meet took place on August 5 and 6 at the Religious-Recreational Center Belair-Miensk in upstate New York. Members of BAYO, as well as other Byelorussian youth came together from all over the U.S. and Canada. It was pleasant



Participants of Sports Meet '78 at Belair-Miensk

to see that this year the number of participating youth increased. In charge of this year's meet were: Misters G. Artishenko, V. Ciarpicki, I. Mucha, J. Miazewich, M. Sienko and S. Rahalewicz. Mr. I. Mucha, who was one of the original organizers of this event, could not actively participate but his experience and advice were helpful. His son, Ihar, also took an active part in the organization of the sports meet.

Trophies for first, second, and third places were awarded as follows: **Broad Jump** — Ages 6-9: Nancy Zacharkiewicz, Teresa Juchnik, Ricky Henneberry, Mike Rahalewicz. Ages 10-14: Larysa Artishenko, Eva Melianovich, Tina Zacharkiewicz, Tony Szpak, Paul Tolmaszewicz. **High Jump** — Ages 6-9: Nancy Zacharkiewicz, Teresa Juchnik. Ages 10-14: Tina Zacharkiewicz, Larysa Artishenko, Grace Treller and Eva Melianovich, Leo Talmoszewicz, Paul Tolmaszewicz, Tony Szpak and Victor Tolmaszewicz. **Shot Put** — Under 15: John Valukiewicz, Eva Melianovich, Anna Treller. **Swimming** — Ages 6-14: Anna Treller, Grace Treller, Luba Melianovich, Vinnie Mierlak, Chris Juchnik, Mike Rahalewicz. **Shot Put** —

Adults: Bill Grant, Dave Cyhan, John Iwanowycz.

In the afternoon the battle was raging for the first place trophy in men's volleyball. The tournament was exciting because the volleyball teams were quite good. The female teams also competed for the first place trophy in the women's division. The Nioman girl's volleyball team from South River took first place. The players were: Nadia Artishenko, Vera Artishenko, Jeannie Zankovich, Irene Silwanowicz, Helen Silwanowicz and Anna Kaltunowicz. Second place went to Cleveland's Pahonia team consisting of: Helen Kononczuk, Lucy Valukievich, Lucy Matallycki, Ella Matallycki and Irene Strapko. Third place was taken by Toronto, Canada. Team members included: Helen Slusarczyk, Diana Czezcot, Sandra Sladkowski-Hogan, Valerie Welesnicki-Leib and Hilda Farrar. The first place trophy in the male division was won by South River's Nioman. The players were: George Artishenko, Bob Cupryk, Alherd Kazura, Don Kanezick, Steve Mochnacz, Tony Catanese and Nick Wojciechowski. Second place went to Cleveland's Pahonia whose

team consisted of: Victor Strapko, George Potapienko, Andy Kononszuk, Mike Kovalenko, Leo Wasilewski, Paul Wasilewski, Victor Wasilewski and Walter Litwinko. Third place was won by New York's Belair-Miensk team. Team members included: Bob Mochacz, Alex Kotlarow, Serge Baranowski, Peter Zacharkiewicz and Tony Kaltunowicz. Fourth place went to Toronto, Canada. Players on the team were: Richard Leib, Peter Komarowski, David Hogan, Roger Marchesse, Wilfred Wilhelm, Leo Sladkowski and Andy Karpovich.

The best players in the volleyball tournament were Anna Kaltunowicz and Alherd Kazura.

The evening was spent dancing. During the dance Mr. G. Artishenko (the manager of the resort) introduced the sportsmen. Miss Sports-78, Ella Matalycki of Brunswick, Ohio, distributed trophies won during the various competitions.

**

In the Vol. 8, Number 6, September 1978 — **GOP Nationalities News**, published by the National Republican Heritage (Nationalities) Council an article dealing with youth involvement in the GOP campaign activities, read as follows: "...Heritage youth have been active in New Jersey under the direction of Ming Hsu, chairperson of the state's Heritage Federation. She is being assisted by Alice Kipel, a Princeton student of Byelorussian heritage..."

**

The Matylki folk dancing group, which is in its second year of existence, has already had one performance since last summer. Even though they did not rehearse regularly during the summer months, they quickly organized in September, and within two weeks were ready to perform on the stage. On September 23, they performed at St. Peter's High School in New Brunswick before a 500 member



Ella Matalycki — Miss Sports '78

audience at an international festival. This was a good beginning for the season.

Now a few words about the group. The group is composed of Byelorussian youth ranging in age from seven to fourteen years. They practice every week at the Byelorussian school at St. Mary of Zyrovicy in Highland Park, New Jersey. This year, the group is displaying great enthusiasm in learning Byelorussian dances and they are determined to become another fine Byelorussian folk dancing group.

**

October 9-15 was proclaimed "Eastern European Heritage Week" in Columbus, Ohio by Governor James Rhodes. The reason being that the Tenth National Convention of the American Association For The Advancement Of Slavic Studies was taking place in Columbus that week. A va-



Younger participants of Sports Meet '78 at Belair-Miensk

riety of ethnic exhibitions — including Byelorussian ones in the city libraries and at the state university were held. In the show windows of some stores, Byelorussian female costumes, straw incrustations, embroidery and Byelorussian folk designs were exhibited. A radio program included Lavonicha, Kryzachok in its musical numbers. The organizers of these exhibits were BAYO Cleveland member Helen Kononczuk and Mr. K. Kalosha.

**

The South River volleyball team Nioman took first place in league 2 for New Jersey and New York on November 12 in Newark, New Jersey. Ten teams of league 2 competed for first place. By winning this match Nioman moved up to the first league. Members of Nioman who played are: George Artishenko, Nick Wojciechowski, Bob Cupryk, Steve and Bob Mochacz, Don Kanezick and George Fats. We wish the Byelorussian volleyball team Nioman success in the first league tournaments.

**

On November 15, The New York Times reported that a 20-year-old student, who organized a refuge for young dissenters, has been arrested on charges of anti-Soviet agitation and propaganda. It stated that he ran the Leningrad Commune, a house where young people lived and gathered to discuss the arts, politics and philosophy. The commune operated for 18 months, attracting young people from Leningrad, the Baltic republics, Moscow, Byelorussia and Moldavia, until the police closed it in September.

**

On November 24, the New York BAYO held a party for its members, friends and members of the New Jersey BAYO at the Byelorussian Community Center at 401 Atlantic Avenue in Brooklyn. Slides taken by Mr. A. Silwanowicz from the 1977 Byelorussian Heritage Festival were shown to all the guests.

CONGRATULATIONS!

Anita Lukjan graduated from Franklin County High School in Frankford, Kentucky. Anita is now attending Center College in Kentucky as a pre-med student.

**
*

Victor Lukaszewicz graduated from Fairview High School in Fairview Park, Ohio. Victor was a very good student and now he is attending Ohio State University in Columbus, majoring in engineering.

**
*

Lucy Matalycki graduated from Joint Vocational School in Medina, Ohio. Lucy was one of the more active members of BAYO, participating in folk dancing and sports.

**
*

Gregory Melnick graduated from James Rhodes High School in Cleveland, Ohio. Gregory is now attending Kent State University and is majoring in engineering.

**
*

Karnella Juliana Najdziuk graduated from Bishop Konaty High School in Los Angeles, California. Karnella received the Salutatorian Award, the Service Award, Bank of America Achievement Award in the field of Liberal Arts, California Scholarship Federation Seal Bearer and was a member of the National Honor Society. She is the recipient of a California State Scholarship, Basic Education Opportunity Grant, Supplemental Educational Opportunity Grant, and the Isais Helemen Scholarship.

Karnella is now attending the University of California at Berkley. She is studying to be a news reporter. Her intended major is journalism. She is also very interested in pursuing a career in law and political science.

**
*

Nina Noryk graduated from South Windsor High School in South Wind-



Hanna Survilla

sor, Connecticut and is now attending Rutgers University in New Brunswick, New Jersey. Nina is a pharmacy major.

**
*

Michael Schwed graduated from South River High School. Nominated by Congressman Frank Thompson to the U.S. Military Academy, Michael will enter West Point this fall.

Michael is an active member of the BAYO and the Vasiliok Folkdancing Group. He was the President of the New Jersey Branch before departing for West Point. It should be noted that General Tadeusz Kosciuszko, a son of Byelorussia, designed the fortifications for the defense of West Point during the Revolutionary War.

**
*

Hanna Survilla graduated from high school and now is attending the Heritage Campus College in the province of Quebec, Canada. Hanna is a student in the field of Health Sciences.

**
*

Leon Wojtenko graduated from Franklin High School. He was a mem-



Bill Kowalenko

ber of the National High School Slavic Honor Society. Leon is attending Trenton State College and is studying Industrial Arts Education. Leon is active in the BAYO New Jersey Branch. Since his fifth birthday he has been an altar boy at the Byelorussian Autocephalic Orthodox Church in Highland Park, New Jersey.

Helen (Kalada) Kessler graduated from Cleveland State University with a Bachelor's Degree in Accounting.

Bill Kowalenko graduated from Ohio State University with a Bachelor of Science Degree in Electrical Engineering. Bill passed the State Board of Ohio Professional Engineering test. He is a member of the National Society of Professional Engineers in Ohio.

George Kuryllo completed his studies in the field of dentistry at Fairleigh Dickinson University in Rutherford, New Jersey. He is now interning at a local hospital.

Julian Mierlak completed his medical education at New York University School of Medicine in New York City. He also received the James E. Con-

stantine Award. Presently, Dr. Mierlak is interning at Bellevue Hospital.

Anita (Radziuk) Nedrich graduated from Cleveland State University with a Bachelor of Science Degree in Elementary Education. Anita received the Certificate of Excellence in Student Teaching.

Julia Radziuk graduated from Notre Dame College in Euclid, Ohio, with a Bachelor Degree in Chemistry. Julia's name was listed in the **Who's Who Among Students in American Colleges and Universities**. She is now employed as a product engineer for B. F. Goodrich Chemical Company.

Nina Zaprudnik graduated from Queens College in Queens, New York, with a degree in Biology and Psychology. Now Nina is attending the New York University College of Dentistry.

Sofia Drozdowski and Julian Dziki on their marriage, which took place on September 10, at St. Mary of Zyrovicy Byelorussian Autocephalic Orthodox Church in Highland Park, New Jersey.

Sue Nicholas and John Jarachovic on their marriage, which took place on May 20, at Mother of God of Zyrovicy Byelorussian Autocephalic Orthodox Church in Cleveland, Ohio.

Nadine Prokopowicz and Patrick Talarico on their marriage, which took place on May 27, at Mother of God of Zyrovicy Byelorussian Autocephalic Orthodox Church in Cleveland, Ohio.

Halina Tumash and Eric Pavels on their marriage, which took place on May 6, at the Latvian Evangelical Lutheran Church, with the Rev. Alexander Janowski of St. Mary of Zyrovicy Byelorussian Autocephalic Orthodox Church presiding.

May 12, 1978

To my Byelorussian friends,

I'm astonished by the great generosity of BYELORUSSIAN YOUTH: I must first thank you for the FUNDAMENTAL BYELORUSSIAN language book, and secondly for the many great literary magazines which you sent to me.

I do salute the Byelorussian people and the Byelorussian nation which is represented by the Byelorussians in the free world. The crimes committed against the Byelorussian people must be brought forth to all nations, in order that we may fight the beast of Russian linguistical and cultural imperialism. All individuals of the world must stand behind the Byelorussian people in their struggle against Russian colonialism.

I truly appreciate the great friendship which the Byelorussian people have shown me.

In friendship,
Richard Wiman
Salt Lake City, Utah

September 16, 1978

Dear Sirs:

My name is John Evers and I'm writing to you about studying the Byelorussian language.

I have long been interested in the peoples of the world. I like getting to know the different peoples of the world through their language. I have written to the Soviet Embassy in Washington but they have not been of any help. Seeing that your organization promotes the interests of the Byelorussian people, I thought that maybe you might be able to help me. How may I get started learning the language? Do you have courses or grammars where one can study the language at home or study at a school? I would like very much to learn the language. I would like to find out where I can get books in Byelorussian, especially those about the national literature.

I would appreciate any assistance from you. Since I'm also a young person, I would like very much to get your 'Byelorussian Youth', as I would like to get to know other young people of different denominations. Please let me know about the subscription rates.

I hope to hear from you very soon. I'm anxious to start learning the language, and of course, getting to know the Byelorussian people and heritage.

Sincerely yours,
John Evers
Hamden, Connecticut

October 31, 1978

Dear Byelorussians,

I am very interested in hearing more about your organization. I am a 24 year old university graduate with a degree in Russian, and am of partial Byelorussian descent. Any information you might be able to furnish me with, would be genuinely appreciated.

Respectfully yours,
Dale Zygnowicz
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

11-30-1978

Даражэнькая Моладзь,

Залучаю чэк на 100 даляраў як падпіску і ахвяру на часопіс „Беларуская Моладзь”. Ветліва прашу прадаўжаць выдаваньня часопісу.

Памажы Вам, Божа, у працы!

І. П. Г.

За час ад выхаду часопісу „Беларуская Моладзь” Год 6, Но. 1 (47) да сьняжняга дня на часопіс у касу адміністрацыі паступілі наступныя грашовыя ахвяры і падпіска: Сваякі сьв. пам. Пралата Пётры Татарыновіча зь ягоных ашчаднасьцяў пераказалі — 500 дал., І. П. Г. — 100 дал., Айцец Р. Войтанка — 50 дал., А. Каранеўская — 40 дал., др. Л. Трузэвіч — 25 дал., др. Р. Жук-Грышкевіч і др. В. Жук-Грышкевіч — 20 дал., В. Махнач — 20 дал., З. Станкевіч — 20 дал., Г. Сурвілла — 20 дал., Ч. Найдзюк — 10 дал., Н. Жызьнеўскі — 10 дал. І. Муха — 5 дал., Г. Павэльс — 5 дал.

Разам — 850.00 дал.

Усім ахвярадаўцам і нашым падпішчыкам шчырае беларускае дзякуй! А асабліва падзяка нашым дабрадзеям — тым нялічным з пасярод беларускага грамадства асобам, што па бацькоўску апякуюцца часопісам вось ужо блізу 6 гадоў і рупяцца, каб ён існаваў і надалей.

Рэдакцыйная Калегія